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MEN WANTED

FRED B. SMITH

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A. B. Gifford
Jan 1912

MEN WANTED

FRED B. SMITH

*Secretary, Religious Work Department, International
Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations
Campaign Leader of the Men and Religion
Forward Movement*



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FOREWORD

Advice is the cheapest thing that one mortal can give to another. It is poured out freely by some people into the ears of others and is in many cases like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," but this book is written by an adviser of men of twenty-five years' standing and one who always strikes true and to whose advice it is worth while listening.

Fred B. Smith is a "man's man"; he, more than any other man that I know, understands men; not the superficial, skin-deep thoughts of men, but what is in their hearts and very lives. In the following pages he has endeavored to bring together and put in available form some of the things that in personal conversation and in public address he has given to men all the world over. This book is different

INTRODUCTION

WHY?

The author of this simple manual must confess to no literary ambitions; indeed, I have repeatedly said that I would not write or publish anything. But, nearing the close of a quarter of a century of Christian work among the men and boys of this and other lands, I find a desire to give some simple message to the tens of thousands whom I never shall be privileged to address personally, and to speak again to many whom I have addressed in these years but may not see any more in this life, and possibly to leave a helpful word to yet others who are to come upon the scene and fight the same battles. So strong has grown this desire that during the past months I have found my mind oftentimes going over the outline

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logical or directly spiritual type, and yet I am fully of the mind that they have much to do with the highest expression of the Christian life and are legitimate elements of a definite religious appeal, under the command to be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and under the implication in the further statement, "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Three special reasons, however, have developed to quicken the long-standing impulse and to give courage for immediate work.

First: It has been my privilege during these years to be intimately associated with a group of Christian laymen whose devotion to ideals of unselfish service has been so complete and so essential to many forms of Christian

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thus testifying to the fact that less progress in the things which are seen does not necessarily modify faith and zeal for the unseen. The witness of these men, working side by side with those who have given themselves to special forms of Christian vocation, has formed a large part of my incentive.

Second: 'The unique significance of "The Men and Religion Forward Movement" under the auspices of the allied men's organizations of the churches of North America. This movement, having for its object the larger proclamation of the good news of Jesus Christ, was born of the hope and prayer that the masculine forces of these two nations, Canada and the United States, might be lovingly compelled to a deeper allegiance to Him. I am so profoundly convinced that special work for men is to be graciously blessed of God and is destined to have

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Christian name I dedicate anything that is worth while in these pages. I dedicate them to the memory of

ROBERT AMES SMITH

BORN AT MANCHESTER, VERMONT,

MARCH 12, 1882,

DIED AT ACADEMY, SOUTH DAKOTA,

DECEMBER 17, 1910

THE YOUNG MAN PROBLEM

Lest the basis of the chapters which are to follow be obscured and the real purpose forgotten, it is well to strongly emphasize the moving, compelling thought that underlies all that is here written. In its small way, the book is planned to help solve and keep solved the world's central problem, that one which is most vital, always has been and

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nition of the fact that it is a man's world and always has been. Changes in social conditions may modify the degree to which this is true but still the tides move on and when the great crises of war and peace arise, *men* have to come to the front for service. Nine tenths of all the soldiers, bankers, lawyers, politicians, doctors, merchants and ministers are men. This makes it a masculine world. If all the men of any city upon any given Sunday morning should say to their families, "We will go to church with you today," the churches would overflow and pack the streets with the crowds which could not be accommodated, and shouts of happiness would fill the air. This is not an overestimate of the effect.

I am fully aware that it will be thought, at times, that I have dealt only with two pronounced extremes. One is the figure of the young man who, losing

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every act is perfect. The theological view is not alone in suggesting that this attitude will produce the best in a man. The most modern psychology adds its testimony to the fact. The man who daily meditates upon God is living under a daily stimulus to reach his highest ideal. Littleness, meanness and smallness of every order are seen to be incompatible with such a purpose. The upward pull helps to slough them off and bids the man to be his best. This truth is not left in the abstract to be contended for as a visionary dream. It has been attested by many well-recorded experiences.

It is of intense significance to observe what has been the effect through the two thousand years of the Christian era upon every life that has been willingly yielded to the sway of Jesus Christ. Back in the early days He met those humble fishermen who were of un-

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the future, and to their vision life looks intensely humdrum.

The principle of the navigation of the air is solved, and all that remains is simply the development of the first idea. Messages by electricity through space without the aid of wire would seem to have spoken the last word in the question of world intercommunication. Those who add are simply to work out the first scientific principle. The methods of the commercial world have been so rapidly developed that the present tendency is rather for restraint and curtailment than otherwise. In every walk of life the achievements have been so tremendous that it is not at all strange if many young men, looking into the future, feel as though the possibilities for anything above the ordinary are not very great. Notwithstanding all of this, there is no prophet who would dare outline the future pos-

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sibilities of science. The progress of science has always been in the face of an unknown quantity. It has had to work against a dark setting that seemed impenetrable and to deny its right to proceed. It is still an open field, with no special favor to any man except the one who works and digs hard. But even the most ardent in this group feel that the rosy tints are not so bright for coming years as those men saw who lived a quarter of a century ago. Therefore, the question is everywhere being asked, What is worth while in the next generation and those to follow?

Not limiting at all what other interests may develop, we may affirm that one thing is certain. The next great, heroic task in the world is to be along the line of ushering in a World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ, the Christian religion and the Church. The attention now being directed toward a

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reconsideration and reorganization of the moral, benevolent and philanthropic interests of life is vaster by far than that being attracted by the commercialist, the scientist or the politician. The outline, perhaps, is only dimly drawn, and the picture to be painted is poorly understood by the most active leaders in the scene; nevertheless there can be no mistaking the signs of the times which indicate a moral renaissance which is not to cease until it has encircled the globe. In this new Brotherhood, nothing short of the platform which refuses to recognize any wrong of any description anywhere will be accepted. This may seem like a very trite statement, and perhaps it indicates a standard that ought always to have existed, but a casual look above the horizon will convince any student that from the standpoint of universal relations, the Church has not hitherto pro-

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posed a program of that character. Therefore this becomes of itself a startling issue. The progress of the new purpose may develop issues which are entirely unseen now—ones which perhaps the most active prophet is unable fully to see, but some things are on the horizon enough to indicate that this new advance is not to be without its heroic struggle. If a World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ is to be anything more than a passing sentimental theme, the legalized sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is to be eradicated from society everywhere. It is no longer a North American problem. The continent of Europe and the Orient are answering back, from the moral, the economic and the scientific basis, that this whole traffic is a parasite upon the human family, and that, if our dreams are to be realized, it must be dealt with. Only those who have in some form at-

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tacked this vice can realize how vicious is the underlying element which promotes it. The men who deal in this life-destroying traffic find their conceptions of life so brutalized that law is not binding and life is not held in high regard. They are essentially law-breakers and criminals.

As the forces are marshaled to face this problem, it is not difficult to see that many a man will have to surrender all of his hopes of success in other respects, and that some will yield up life itself before this battle is won. This is a task big enough for the greatest men of any generation.

If this World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ is to be ushered in, every form of graft, intrigue and cunning deceit must be driven from the business world. Enough has already been said of the shame that attaches to the last quarter of a century along this

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line. It is not necessary to renew that discussion, but the new Brotherhood is going to demand a new type of business enterprise. More men will have to be found who will consecrate their lives to the service of Christ in the commercial world, not for the sake of storing up millions, but primarily to illustrate the possibility of high, pure Christian standards even in a competitive world. It does not take any very remarkable qualities to send a man into some business pursuit with the promise of large financial gains for himself, but this new platform will demand men with the calibre that sent Carey and Judson to the heart of the heathen world. Here once more is a task big enough for great men.

If the World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ is anything more than a phrase which sounds well in the orator's speech or the literary man's

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essay, the "white slave" traffic with all of its ramifications must be banished. The question involved is not simply whether it shall be driven from one section of a city to another, or from one town to another. It is not a question by what method the procedure shall be carried forward. It involves the purification of the human race from this defilement. This is a consummation so devoutly desired by many that it would seem not a difficult thing to achieve; but those who have had slight experience are willing to testify that here also there is developed the passion which is ready to destroy life if the vice is to be seriously interfered with. The "white slave" evil will not be conquered and defeated without the cost of martyrs' blood.

To launch a warfare against any of these except in the power of religion, would be as useless as to attempt to

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cross one of the oceans in a vessel with no motive power. No man will long stay in any one of these struggles except he be a God-called and God-im-pelled man. A hundred other issues may be revealed in the next quarter of a century, but these are enough to suggest that the moral world presents issues worthy of mighty leadership. The man who is going to write his name high in the annals of coming events is not the man who will acquire more millions than any other, or the one who may by some lucky turn find himself temporarily on a pinnacle of fame, or the man who looks forward to the possibility of war and a war hero's opportunity. Taken at their best, these fields are well occupied. But the world will yet see a generation of men consecrated to this new idea of God's common Brotherhood, which will, if need be, die for its accomplishment. The heroes of the

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future are to be moral warriors. The man who lets religion dominate his life puts himself in the zone where men see the highest and the best. The constant pressure of God's demand upon the true man's obedient spirit will produce the maximum of achievement.

CHAPTER XI

RELIGION (Concluded)

The Dynamic of Two Worlds

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day: and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved his appearing.—*Paul the Apostle.*

And when a man has gone down into the Valley of the Shadow, and looked the spectre Death in the face, and said to it, “I am ready,” nothing in this world looks very large to him, as I can assure you.—*W. J. Gaynor.*

Certainly enough has been said in the earlier pages to fully establish the fact that importance ought always to be attached to the present life. It is a

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heaven-ordained institution for a purpose. Surely God was not forgetful of the final issues of the universe when His own likeness was incarnated in human form and put into the world to live for a season this life, with such limitations, soon to decline and decay. If there be no divine significance in life, then God has blundered. Taken as a whole, life is hardly worth living for itself alone. There must be found some issue more compelling than bread, clothes, houses, indulgence and accumulation to reconcile one to it at all. There is small room for the foundation of that theology which makes this life just a bit of God's discipline to be tediously endured while we wait for the coming of the day of delivery, death, to free us for the life of ecstasy in the realm of the golden streets of Paradise. People of melancholy moods and temperament are sorely tempted to twist some text

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of Scripture to make religion cover all their various gloomy theories. It is doubtful if the cause of religion ever suffered from any source more seriously than it suffers from this attempt to belittle what present-day existence means. A man's duty here is not to decry life and to abuse the world, but to subdue and come off triumphant over the tribulations and temptations that beset him. A lazy man may find consolation in being so "spiritual" that he refuses to enter the lists of human struggles and withdraws to some secluded corner to think himself more pious than his contemporaries. But it is a reproach upon the holy orders of religion to make them the excuse for such indifference. Some years ago, when the United States was in throes of a bitter political struggle, a man who boasted of living a religious life of a superior type, boldly announced his refusal to parti-

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cipate or vote because he said his citizenship was in heaven and he would not participate in any *worldly* contest. A moral issue was at stake, the loss of which would have occasioned great suffering to millions of people. To withdraw from participation in such an hour under the guise of religion was a travesty upon God and an insult to the brave men who dared to put themselves in the thick of the fight for the sake of God and humanity. It is the mark of a coward to refuse to face life squarely and to take his part in the battle.

This type of extreme teaching can never be justified in the name of Jesus Christ. He oftentimes took His disciples apart for a season of prayer, counsel and meditation, but only to thrust them back more intensely than ever into the common walks of the world's work; and it is a pity that ever so majestic a truth as that given to the world by Him could

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rich man's country and the poor man has no show." It is a mark of cheap ignorance of facts or of a cold, sullen indifference that sweeps this aside as of no value. The "self-made man" of today has no guarantee that starting from today, with conditions so changed, he could as romantically and successfully *make* himself again. The case is not fairly met by quoting the familiar list of poor boys who through poverty wrought wonders and climbed to such commercial heights that they have commanded the attention of the whole world. And yet, in full acknowledgement of the force of this answer, only a superficial look is necessary to give abundant proof that this is only a fraction of the real issue, that at most it will apply to comparatively few, and that of all lands under the sun the conditions are less true in North America than in any other.

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I have tried to keep an open mind in contact with men who have tales of defeat to relate, and I fail now to recall one where I felt this argument to be valid. Treachery, injustice, deception, panic, plague and pestilence have left some strewn by the wayside, but very, very few can successfully contend that they did not find an open field to the extent of the qualifications. It thus becomes necessary to dismiss this philosophy as the basis of a working remedy.

One says, "It is the irony of fate. The wheels turned and these fellows had their money on the wrong color." It is just poor luck, and there is no use making a fuss or trying to solve the riddle. "Whatever is, is right." Let the past and present be forgotten. Simply spin the wheel and see who wins or loses next. To accept this theory is to call all sacrificing men who are

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burning up life to help humanity fools of the first order, and to turn out the beacon lights of the dawning of better days. All the calls of a tender humanity, of a growing brotherhood and of a God of justice, refuse to accept this view of the fatalist. Even though the process is slow and the change to be wrought shall only be noted by other generations than the present, by the principle of here a little and there a little, line upon line, precept upon precept, we shall win.

One says, "It is just God's way of discipline, and the final glory of the Creator and Redeemer is to be revealed by these crushed lives." This man searches Holy Writ for substantiating proof, and sentimentally bids us be patient and not fight against God. All the lustre of the picture of the world when the truth of Jesus Christ shall cover the earth rebels against this con-

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tortion of God's way of leading a race. A degree of patience might be extended to some answers, but this one merits our eternal anathema. It is blasphemy of all that should be held sacred. Again we turn away, realizing that this theory is beneath consideration and does not even apply to the small number which might be explained by some other arguments.

One says, "It is wrong but let it stay wrong. We are in the midst of a moral, social, economic kaleidoscope, and the more terrible it becomes, the greater will be the condemnation of the oppressors." This kind seems to glory in the horror of the scene. The sadder the picture, the more resigned they become. They ask for sleep and ease while the havoc goes on. Here again an aroused conscience refuses to follow, but says, Let the result be what it may, duty now demands an unceasing, determined,

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well-poised, well-thought-out campaign for what is right, that the oppressed may not only be relieved but that any in the error of oppression may be saved.

These are only selected from a vast number of answers. Some have much merit, some have been tried and found wanting, some are unworthy of humanity. What is the missing link, or what is any part of it? This becomes a question of the greatest moment. No one series of remedies can meet all individual cases, and the following chapters will seem poor consolation to many, but I offer them for what value they may have.

To the able-in-body man who drops down exhausted in ten cent beds or five cent beds or two cent beds or charity beds; or to the idle, shiftless, extravagant rich whose ambition is being spent for naught, and who by vulgar indulgence are polluting the streams of life

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and are inflaming the passions of prejudice and hatred, who are dropping down into baser habits than are practiced in low-priced lodgings; or to the present-day active men who may be in peril of either extreme, I would reveal the

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call of a great world for a great life, and perchance I may help a few to respond, for I have learned that the deepest joy in this life is that which comes from service rendered which helps some fellow man to greater heights in his life struggle.

CHAPTER III

WORK

He that can work is born King of something.—*Carlyle*.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow*.

WANTED—MALES

Wanted: A young man out of school, who does not smoke cigarettes or drink rum, who goes to bed nights and is willing and able to get up in the morning, can find a good permanent position by applying to C. H. Keith, 11 or 439 Purchase Street.—

Copy of a typical advertisement in any North American newspaper.

The first span in the bridge over the chasm that divides opportunity from

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accomplishment in the life of every young man is pretty firmly placed when the science of work as a life principle has been accepted. Not work simply as something to be endured for awhile and to be cast aside at the earliest possible hour, as an incumbrance. Not something that is entered into as a slave is driven to an unwilling servitude, meted out in stolid periods. Not a dark path to an easy, soft existence at some later day. Not a portion to be taken as one takes a distasteful drug in the hope of an old-age pension or endowment. Shamed be the thought that reaches into heaven and prostitutes one of the divine privileges to such sordid conceptions as these.

This principle is not to be so juggled with, but rather regarded as a dignified part of human existence, to be contemplated with the same enthusiasm that marks the strong man as he displays

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the power of his muscle, the brainy man as he reveals the impact of his thought, the painter as he exhibits his art, the singer as he produces his most resonant and melodious tone, or the birds of the air as they sing their songs from the topmost limb of the highest tree when the fury of the storm is past and they have survived unhurt.

A man has nailed the colors of his career to the mast when he has cleared the decks of all cheap ideas of what work means and has settled down to the definite understanding that he is in this world not primarily to play and to be amused, but to work. The first signs of success are pretty well indicated in any life when some form of work is thus looked forward to as a mark of great honor, whether or not the human rewards are to be large or small, and whether it is to be done amid the applause of friends and admirers or down

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in some secluded spot, unheard and unseen.

The average vocabulary is too limited properly to describe the curse that has followed in the wake of the "escape-work-if-you-can" idea. Over the doorway of entrance into an Eastern reformatory there is carved this significant line, "It is a sad day in the life of any young man when he thinks he can get something for nothing." Three thousand men are shut in behind the steel bars of that institution, sloughed off by society as dangerous and worthless, and I venture the suggestion that ninety-nine per cent of them went wrong by reason of misconstrued early ideas about the nobility of honest toil. Poison a young man's mind in its action about his place, duty and privilege in life as a worker, and you have opened the gateways wide to poverty, dishonesty, gambling, trickery, infidel-

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ity, brutality, anarchy, treachery and immorality of every kind.

The avoid-work-so-far-as-possible proposition is the father and mother of all kinds of abominations, the provider of inmates for jails, almshouses, insane asylums, orphans' resorts, dives and bagnios, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy. I am strongly of the impression that were it possible to pass through all the realms where bruised, broken, defeated men lie in besotted ways, bereft of hope, morals and friends and to secure accurate data upon the *first cause*, it would be learned that the percentage who were befooled at this point is overwhelming. Deceived at this initial step, they found it easy to blunder at a hundred others, by the rule that one lie usually demands a hundred. I only pause to guard this emphasis by admitting freely that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull

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boy," lest I be charged with ignorance of this element so needed to sweeten work and keep the appetite sharp for the long arduous tasks. There are many poor, shut-in lives, sold by untoward circumstances to work and naught but work. Those for whom no half day of relaxation and play or period of vacation can anywhere be seen on the horizon—God pity them. There are others equally in bondage to toil, not by the unrelenting law of hunger but by incapacity for self-control. They haven't poise enough to take a rest and time to go out and play a game. God pity them too.

A great worker ought to have a corresponding zeal for play. I do not think it is carrying this truth too far to say that every man ought to give enough discipline to his habits of life to plan enthusiastically for the proper cultivation of this privilege. If cricket,

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baseball, ten pin, bowling and tennis are too vigorous, bowling on the green and golf are still his friends. When these fail, cross-country walking is within reach. It is a sadly destitute life that has passed out of the zone of play. But this is the supplement of life, not its essence, and the peril of the multitude is the abnormal cry for play and ease rather than the reverse. Therefore, writing to men who would achieve, I return to the first thought—the compelling demand that work shall be regarded as the business of life.

It is easy enough perhaps to record this sentiment, and it will be warmly approved by most readers, but it will fail in results unless supported by high incentive. By what motive may a man attain such a persistent attitude against an inherent desire for ease, holding it in spite of the presence of an increasing number of rich, indulgent idlers? I am

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world-famed Taj Mahal by Shah Jehan at Agra. It is told that twelve thousand coolies worked twenty-two years to build it and no greater honor could be desired in those days than to be one of the twelve thousand. Not for the *annas*, for that return was so small as to have no reckoning, but the glory was to *work* to see the monument rise in honor of Jehan's love.

One more look may help. Work is divine. Go back to the rising curtain of history and before man is introduced God is seen at work, and so hard and so grand the task that He rested when He was weary. Jesus came, the very begotten of God, and reported that the Creator was still at work. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," and He seemed unwilling to reveal his supernatural fullness until He had first lived the natural life with a saw, a plane, a hammer and a piece of

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wood. And when a dying man's prayer lifted the veil from His present office, He was "standing"—the attitude being action. God worked, is working; Jesus worked, is working. What glory that gives to toil here and hereafter.

Eugene Field in his poem, "Grandma's Prayer," has helped to make heaven a tenantable place:

I pray that, risen from the dead
I may in glory stand,
A crown, perhaps, upon my head
But a needle in my hand.

I've never learned to sing or play,
So let no harp be mine,
From birth unto my dying day,
Plain sewing's been my line.

Therefore accustomed to the end
To plying useful stitches,
I'll be content if asked to mend
The little angels' breeches.

A lazy man had better not go to God's world for his eternity, for I

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We remember also with sorrow and compassion the idle rich, who have vigor of body and mind and yet produce no useful thing. Forgive them for loading the burden of their support on the bent shoulders of the working world. Forgive them for wasting in refined excess what would feed the pale children of the poor. Forgive them for setting their poisoned splendor before the thirsty hearts of the young, luring them to theft or shame by the lust of eye or flesh. Forgive them for taking pride in their worthless lives and despising those by whose toil they live. Forgive them for appeasing their better self by pretended duties and injurious charities. We beseech thee to awaken them by the new voice of thy Spirit that they may look up into the stern eyes of thy Christ and may be smitten with the blessed pangs of repentance. Grant them strength of soul to rise from their silken shame and to give their brothers a just return of labor for the bread they eat. And to our whole nation do thou grant wisdom to create a world in which none shall be forced to idle in want, and none shall be able to idle in luxury, but in which all shall know the health of wholesome work and the sweetness of well-earned rest.

CHAPTER IV

HONESTY

Resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

It does not take a very close student of history to discover that the recorders of life events have nothing but unqualified condemnation for rascals of every kind and description. A double-dealing, deceitful, dishonest hypocrite may apparently prosper for a time like a green bay tree, smile amid his momentary triumphs, and even win applause from the baser sort for a brief hour, but history, sacred and secular, is unchangeably set against the dishonest intriguer;

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both sides of the sea, in the highest political and commercial prominence, who cannot be bought in one jot or tittle by bribes of any description—men who live in so high a zone that they are not even approachable as to a compromise in their characters. In these hours of investigators and exposers, in this time when the light is being turned into the shady places, our minds need to be refreshed in the memory of that host of men who were never known to bow to dishonest tricks, but went through all the fire of temptation true and pure.

When legislators were being bought up like musty packages at a rummage sale, there were more men who could not be bought than were salable. When bank and trust company managers were going to jail their number was always vastly in the minority. When a man of great prominence in a

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sister nation was found guilty of rascality, there were a thousand against whom there was no taint or even suspicion. The extreme liberty of a free press and the almost insane ranting of the political demagogue has had a tendency to give a fearfully distorted idea concerning the amount of dishonesty that really exists. One or two flagrant cases will be selected by these carrion hunters and danger-signal flyers and so dwelt upon that an unthinking public forms a general impression that practically all of the men in prominent public places in life have gone wrong. It would be a work of benefaction if a law could be passed that every time a newspaper, magazine, or platform orator started a crusade of publicity against some individual or group of individuals they ought to be compelled to put side by side with that revelation the names of an equal number of men of equal

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but essentially it is a plan to help the proprietor to stop the terrible drain caused by dishonest employees.

So pervasive has become this spirit that men can be dishonest and almost unconscious of the fact. That is, the overwhelming illustrations have been so terrific in their influences that they have had a tendency to dull the finer sensibilities as to what real integrity means. Many a thoroughly worthy man has unguardedly been led into methods that seemed perfectly just and honorable ten years ago, but which today are condemned by the conscience of the reinvigorated standard of ethics. This dulled sensibility has been very far-reaching in its influence.

I had a wordy and spirited debate recently with a graduate of a church university as to whether it was his duty to pay his fare upon a railroad train or street car, whether the conductor

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found him and demanded his fare or not. Four years in a university had instructed him in the ancient classics of literature, in the most fantastic experiments in the laboratory, the science of the rocks, the hills, the most approved theory of creation, and physical evolution, as well as in all the popular songs of the bleachers, but had sadly failed to impress him with the ethics of common morality, to say naught of Christian ideals.

I cannot refrain just here from making mention of the impression of the high sense of honor and honesty, which, as a rule, seems to pervade a great people, an impression which always comes to me in visits to the British Isles. It is true that I have had all the tricks imaginable played upon me, and my innocence has again and again been made the subject for commercial gain by cab drivers, shop keepers and bar-

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is today calling loudly for the latter. Not in the history of the race has such a clarion shout gone up for more men who can be trusted in the light and in the dark, in the day and in the night, in the presence of the employer and when he is far away, at the convention which nominates, upon the day before election, and after the heat is passed and the victory is won. Great, grand, honest men are in demand, and there is no faltering when I prophesy that the young man who is establishing a reputation for unfailing honesty is surely proceeding toward a door that will open continually into larger places of opportunity.

Having stated this so strongly, it is necessary again to say that this path is not always strewn with roses and ringing with human applause. Every superb element of character has a corresponding sacrifice that is demanded before it rests secure upon any brow.

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The man who has won purity of life looks back over many battlefields in each of which it would have been far easier to surrender than to fight on. *Weeds grow anywhere—flowers have to be cultivated in a garden of care and anxiety.* Any young man who starts out determined to write “honesty” over his career has many a thorny path to follow. He will be laughed at by some he thought his dearest friends. He will have to forego quick gain many times when the strain is severe. He will be obliged to confess blunders that he could disguise with a lie.

I have observed with keen interest a young man who has been at times called upon to admit errors or to cover the facts with falsehood. He has more than once faced the embarrassment of the former course, but always to his personal honor and to his permanent profit. It can be summed up in this—

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above the platform which makes bank accounts the gauge of men.

If I should here be called upon to produce an argument that a course of strict honesty should be followed because in the end it would make a man richer in gold, and if any reader insists upon a guarantee of that kind before he moves his will to this standard of life, I am prepared to dismiss him from consideration now. It may be that in some lives, the purely honest, straightforward course would be financially the most profitable, but that appeal is so unworthy and so undignified that I refuse even to hint at it. I prefer to put emphasis entirely upon the probability that the result is to be financial loss rather than gain. With this fact clearly stated, a foundation is established for a thorough look at the real merit of such a principle.

The supreme reward of an honest

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life is not that which can be blazoned upon the bulletin board, recorded in the daily paper in large letters, or heard where men meet to discuss current events, but it is rather that inner estimate which a man has of himself in the calm, quiet hour after the smoke of contest has cleared away. Poor must be the man who has been recorded in the arena of public or commercial life as a great success, who, when he sits alone with his thoughts and memories, has either to confess to having won by knavery, or to exhaust his resources in quieting a dulled conscience with the well-worn excuse, "It was just business—everybody else was doing it."

I close this statement of the second step in the advance of the man who is to respond well to the big call for men, by saying that rich indeed is the man who can sit alone with untroubled heart, in a quiet attitude toward him-

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self, his fellow men, his God and his eternal future. It does not matter so much to him whether the ledger shows an enormous money profit, whether the bands have been playing or the crowds hurrahing for him. There is that *something* which cannot be described to a vulgar, shallow, selfish mob, which tells him that "Honesty is the best policy."

CHAPTER V

LOYALTY

The ever-recurring thought of these simple chapters must be the fitting of characters to fill great spheres—great by judgments that prevail where true worth is weighed rather than by the superficial estimates of market gossip. If this thought be strongly enforced, the place the fourth element holds will not be difficult to establish; if the central idea be obscured, then a lively doubt will be engendered concerning the practical value of this chapter.

Some qualities already suggested can be estimated in the ledger of personal acquirements, but I now reach one which does not submit itself easily to such tests. Yet I believe that few, if any, characteristics are surer criterions of genuine worth.

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At the outset it becomes necessary to say that the selfish man will find scant comfort in seeking this virtue, for, whatever may be true of any other, this one has to be placed in the silent, unseen column where worth is loved, not for what it produces, nor for what may be said of it in the circle of our friends, nor yet for what personal consolation it may bring in weary hours, but simply and only because it is right and ought to be.

Even so strict a limitation of the motives for loyalty does not make it less essential. It rather adds zeal to its practice, according to the law that the most precious jewels are wrapped in smallest bundles.

It would be difficult to overestimate its place of power in history, for, had loyalty been wanting in the past, there would be no books written of mothers' vigils in fiery furnaces of home trials.

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There would be no stories told of how the messengers of God's truth have endured hardness, suffering and death to penetrate the frontier lands and the darkest spots of humanity's sin. There would be no monuments to the brave in our parks and gardens; we should be obliged to obliterate all of them, from Trafalgar Square to Chickamauga Park. There would be no choirs singing hallelujah choruses or bugles sounding reveille. If loyalty had been absent from the hearts of big men in the past, history would be bereft of interest, and if it should wane in the future, men would be reduced to a level lower than the beasts of the field.

Discover if you can the things to which any man is so loyal that he will remain true to them even at the cost of life, if necessary, and you have the truest possible photograph of his very inmost character. A hundred other

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not be the most important theme to follow here, but it can be affirmed with no hesitation that the influences of the present century have a powerful tendency to dull the edge of the keenest loyalty. Living upon borrowed money in veneered houses, decorated with artificial flowers, peopled by artificial folks, has a tendency to breed sickly souls. You cannot but be wearied, as you travel, at the chameleons in human form you are compelled to meet. They can change color with each new crowd. It is "good Lord" or "good devil," according to the direction and speed of the wind.

High living, indulgent habits and the social round have never been famous for producing great patriots. The country home, the tow path and the log cabin fill an honorable place in history, bringing to memory Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln,

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Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson,
James R. Garfield, Ulysses S. Grant
and William McKinley.

Every man does well to make a catalogue of a few things to which he is to remain unfalteringly loyal, let the cost be ever so severe. We may well draw aside from the prophet whose encyclopedia of personal conduct is too minute in detail, for "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." I confess to leaving small place in admiration for any man who attempts to establish a rule of habits for other people. He is usually a conceited make-believe and sometimes worse. It is not the purpose here to give a catalogue to cover all the details of all or any life. Certainly not all can be enumerated unless every varied type of life is to be consulted, and that is both impossible and impracticable. But a few suggestions are perfectly safe. They will help to con-

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and especially of their own ancestors. Morals are bankrupt in any man's life when he refuses to be longer tied to his "mother's apron strings," and it would be well for most young men, and women too, who cut that restraining tie before they have reached twenty-five, if the famous strings could be used to strangle them, saving the family from humiliation and the world from an added burden. A thoroughly big man stands with a lustre in his cheek as he refuses to be shifted here and there because of his loyalty to home principles. Home reminds of wife, brothers, sisters, children. Is there any plumb-line of character which can fathom the human depths where these are forgotten and denied, and friends sought among the vile and low? Be it the humblest in all the world, a man does himself honor who is persistently loyal to his home. Drive a peg down

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deep here, for this is no uncertain ground.

NATIVE COUNTRY. I know of no more touching picture in literature than that old scene when ancient Israel sat by the waters of Babylon, and wept and had no song, for they said, "How can we sing the home songs in a strange land?" They were then in a land bigger and richer by far than little Palestine, but it was "strange" and the longing of their hearts was for their native land.

I remember once observing, for a week, a lonely brown man on a ship. He seemed to have no interest in anything save the speed of the vessel, but on a clear morning, a little obscure island came in sight, and he became the most animated passenger among a thousand. When the ship was moored in the harbor, he buried his face in his hands and wept for joy. The island is

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small; it has no cities; it is peopled by uncivilized tribes; it has no fame or traditions; but it was his native land, and the ship's passengers and crew cheered him to the echo. He was a patriot. Remembering ever since the loyalty of this humble, untutored brown man to that little island among the Samoan group, because it was the spot of his birth, I have been able to find little respect for that man who is not a patriot to his own country even though it is the most obscure in all the universe.

I love to hear the Frenchman sing his "Marseillaise"; I am charmed when the warm-hearted Italian sings lustily his "Harcia Reale"; I admire the deep determination of the German when he sings "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles"; I feel my own blood moving in sympathy when the Britisher sings his "God Save the King,"

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and all North America listens with admiration as the Canadian sings "The Maple Leaf."

I feel nothing but admiration for the men who throw the enthusiasm of their souls into these melodies that kindle love for their native soil, and I could weep when I come in contact with a "yellow" American who does not stand to his tiptoe and sing when he has opportunity, with full volume, "The Star Spangled Banner," or who does not feel like shouting when he hears:

My native land, my country dear,
Where men are equal, free,
For thee each morn, new love is born,
Sweet land of liberty.
With tears my eyes are filling fast,
Yes, tears that joy awaits;
With love I cry, "For you I'd die,"
My own United States.

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From golden youth to silver'd age,
Tho' feeble feet may lag,
With joy each heart bids age depart,
When gazing on our flag—
The flag that ever leads the van,
Whose courage naught abates;
The flag of youth, the flag of truth,
My own United States.

I love every inch of her prairie land,
Each stone in her mountains' side;
I love every drop of the water clear
That flows in her rivers wide;
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates;
The Queen of the earth is the land of
my birth,
My own United States.

I sometimes wish every man in all North America were compelled to read and meditate upon Edward Everett Hale's "A Man Without a Country," as a qualification for suffrage. The cheapest, smallest, stingiest, most con-

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temptible reprobate out of prison is the man who is lacking in patriotism.

This does not mean being blind to defects, but it does mean seeing in the large all that is good, and an active participation to usher in the best. No man can be in error who drives another peg down here.

FRIENDS. I am sure all high-minded people abhor a caste that vaunts itself by any other claim than worth of character. A distinction that perpetuates itself by tradition or occupation regardless of personal integrity is a menace to society. Likewise, small cliques usually breed disorder and seldom work good to any. The world of today is asking for a common brotherhood that rises to the sublime height of asking what is best for the whole of mankind, rather than more favors to the already favored. As this principle abounds, the universal Kingdom of God is being

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ushered in, and where it is retarded, the Kingdom is in like degree delayed. Notwithstanding this broad platform, however, every man must give recognition to that group that he will call peculiarly his *friends*. They are a part of himself and he a part of them.

It is impossible to discuss here the elements that determine who they are to be. So far as this message goes, it has to be accepted that they have been wisely chosen, for the accent here is not upon the choice, but the attitude after choice. It is a happy day in any life when a few names have been written down indelibly as friends, and when once that record has been made, nothing but the grossest violation of the basis of that bond ought to be permitted to disturb it. A friendship that well-nigh refuses to hear, much less believe ill, is the type that makes life of the highest order.

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Some years ago I came in contact with an illustration of this sort not soon to be forgotten. A New York daily paper one morning contained an item to the effect that a Mr. — of — city, of — business, had fallen into terrible sin and was to be expelled from church, social and business circles. It came to the attention of a man who had a friend of forty years of that name, city and business. The evidence seemed complete, but he refused to believe it. A messenger was sent to purchase another paper to see if more information could be secured. The same report was discovered, but with more corroborating details. There seemed to be only one course left for the old friend, and that was to repudiate his acquaintance. After a few minutes of meditation, he declared with a vehemence that carried everything before it like a storm, *It isn't true, if it*

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is true. His love, confidence, loyalty to that friend refused to harbor the thought, and he cast it out as false. Later messages confirmed his position, for there were two men of the same name, city, church and business, and the old friend had remained unchanged. It may be urged that such an attitude is too radical and that no man lives who is immune to possible default in morals, but there was something sublime in the unwavering loyalty the one expressed for the other, based upon forty years of friendship.

For the purpose of a clearer view of the deep significance of this relation, it is well to note how delicate and sometimes deceptive are the movements of one's mind in this realm. It is altogether possible to deceive and be self-deceived concerning friends, and all the powers of sincerity are necessary for a right attitude. A professed friendship

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that has for its root the hope of gain or favor may be practiced and both parties for a while deluded. It is difficult to find terms of contempt adequate to express proper ideas of that man who was once befriended by another in an hour of need and who then avowed unbounded love and unending friendship for his benefactor, but who later, when the emergency was passed or the conditions reversed, forgot the former pledges. In war, that kind are called traitors and shot as unworthy of life. No sting is so deep and no wound so unhealing as those inflicted by these social traitors for whom no law has ever been written.

It has been said repeatedly that the worst forms of evils in the world have arisen out of the prostitution of the greatest blessings. By this rule, every man ought to guard with a jealous eye the spirit of his friendships, lest an

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teaching, life vocation and temperament greatly modify conclusions, and greatest charity is desired in the suggestions which follow. But some points of strong emphasis may be of value and leave small opportunity for variance of opinion.

Sunday Observance. Whether or not a young man should be loyal to the day of worship and rest is hardly debatable. No man or nation was ever truly great without this day's place being kept sacred. Only a casual study of history is needed to establish the fact. This need not be defended from the school of theology alone; the laws of gratitude, economy, justice, health, and race perpetuity all demand the preservation of this one day in seven for worship, rest, recreation and meditation.

Total Abstinence. The use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage has passed

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beyond the realm of the religious teacher, and has latterly been declared absolutely dangerous, even when the use is moderate, by the greatest scientists of Germany, England and the United States. Intellectual contortion is necessary now for the man who attempts to justify the use of such liquors in amounts small or great. Add to these evidences this simple process of evidence: ten thousand thousand men can be found at forty or fifty years who say they wish in the deepest recesses of their hearts that they had never touched a drop in any form or style; and then you may search the world in vain for one total abstainer who grieves over his record. If the thinking machine is normal, if reason sits like a judge on the bench, pledged to give honest verdict according to the evidence, the man who is free from the burning inner appetite will need no

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special pleaders to assist him in his conclusion.

God's Name. Shall a man be a blasphemер of the holy names of Deity or not? I am ashamed to acknowledge, from observation made in travels around the world, that one of the marks of the man from the United States is the volume and unconsciousness of his profanity. No living men are so famed for this habit as are we, and this in the face of the fact that of the one billion souls in the universe, not one defender of the practice can be found. And yet more—of all the sins catalogued, it stands unique as without any return to the man who indulges in it. Every other form of moral yielding has at least some satisfying return, but profanity is so despicable that the devil has refused to put any premium upon it. Surely no man is in danger of go-

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ing far astray when he sets his life forever against this habit.

These are surely of first importance, but they are by no means all. They are given as brief helps to others; a longer list will develop in every individual experience. A mark of distinction is clearly evidenced in the life of any man when he has set down deeply, resolutely, some things he will do and some things he will not do, and then quietly, modestly, goes forth and does not permit every changing current to shift his position.

The hope of this chapter is not to form a complete curriculum for any single case, but to exalt the great power of what ought to be a dominant characteristic of every life. The out-working may be as varied as are personalities. Loyalty will show itself in a general strengthening of character and in single acts that are tests of quality.

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For example I have seen a great man pay homage of the most beautiful kind to an old household servant, who, by faithful years, had proven her worth, and in that man's life, loyalty to her is a vital element and reflects a character that could well be emulated. Another man's devotion may go out with warm love to the little old, homely forgotten village where he was born, and yet all the shifting scenes of a larger life cannot dim that memory and his unchanging interest in it may reflect his character. I once noted a man whose public career had fascinated the attention of a whole nation, yet it seemed as though he never shone more brilliantly than on the day he returned to his native place to be the chief mourner at the bier of an old-time neighbor who had lived in obscurity and poverty all his life. I thought I read a new chapter in the story of that man's greatness

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when he stood in that humble place and mingled his tears with others for a departed friend. It is not so much the letter that needs to be outlined, but the word "loyalty" ought to be written largely in every life that aspires to be truly great.

In a later chapter, elements are to be dealt with that are even too sacred for the classification under these headings. Religion, with all of its by-products, perhaps calls for a kind of loyalty, and has witnessed manifestations of a loyalty grander than any other with which human thought is familiar, but this must have a place of its own.

CHAPTER VI

INITIATIVE

It is rather difficult to find a term or illustration to convey briefly the significance of this element and I am sure that by many it would be ruled out of the list of indispensable characteristics of the type of life I am seeking to portray. But years of observation have left a desire at times to make this the outstanding note of importance after those that involve direct moral attributes. Search does not need to be pressed long until a kind of life is discovered that is the embodiment of much that has been considered, and yet that lacks something necessary to change the humdrum into pronounced aggressive leadership in things that would not only redound to personal happiness and advancement, but would

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enrich other lives and make for the good of the world.

In pressing the demand for the addition of that which is implied by the word "initiative," it may be well to anticipate an easy-going attitude in which a man may comfort himself by saying that if he is a worker, if he is honest, if he is persistent, if he is imbued with a spirit of loyalty, these are graces enough, and by this anesthetic lose that last burst of endeavor which would lead him to a yet higher plane of achievement.

The principle ought everywhere to be vigorously urged that no man has a right to be less than the best within his reach. If a lawyer, he ought to throb with ambition to be the greatest lawyer of his generation; if a doctor, to be the best in the history of medicine; if a preacher, to declare God's truth as no other ever did. Whatever the vocation,

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this should be the underlying motive if the most is to be realized in life. There is a philosophy that runs in direct conflict with this one, but I am willing to let last judgments decide which is wiser.

However, if the theory of seeking to be of ever increasing worth is accepted, then initiative must be given a place of prominence. It would be an astounding revelation if the possibilities of the first decade of the twentieth century—undeveloped by the men who were there on the spot, for lack of the essence of insight enough to see the new—were suddenly to be made known. The whole jubilant cry of “marvelous progress” would be turned into one of wailing for the stupidity of the human race. If to this could be added the facts concerning tens of thousands of men, who after mechanically doing their tasks for years have lacked originality enough to advance and have been utterly void of

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adding anything of improved method in their places of service, and finally in middle life have been left stranded and become a care upon society, the argument to make initiative one of the foremost items essential to success would be electrified.

Some years ago I listened for the first time to one of the ablest thinkers and orators of this generation, and could not do less, as did all others who heard him, than yield myself without reserve to his argument. He was like a new refreshing prophet from an almost unknown world. His voice, manner and thought seemed absolutely unique. For nearly an hour, to an audience of seven or eight hundred university men, he poured his heart into words to interpret his belief of what was vital in the Christian faith. He did not use a single platitude or old, worn-out, cantish phrase. There was no attempt to be

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strange or different from others, but just a refreshing newness in what he said and the way he said it. During that remarkable address he made this startling statement: "I can name upon the fingers and thumbs of my two hands all the men who are doing original thinking in the religious realm. About ten men are doing the real thinking for the world and the rest are aping them in some form." I was so inspired by hearing a speaker who could present the majestic claims of religion in a new language and in a voice that did not have one gasp or accent of the stereotyped, that I was the more ready to be stunned by this remarkable statement. I went out, not to forget other things he said, for although sixteen years have passed, I still carry in memory the various points he emphasized, but to ponder most upon the striking suggestion of the dearth of initiative in even

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so unexplored a realm as the Christian religion.

From this start I went, in thought, as far as my capacity could carry me, into other vocations and felt the same percentage could be applied to all of them. Not only is there a dearth of originality in the realm where the spiritual values and destiny are involved, but all of life is suffering from the same lack.

The similarity of architecture is distressing. Sir Christopher Wren was the first man to put a steeple on a church, and ten thousand architects have imitated him, not knowing why. One real genius arises in a generation in the literary world, and for a hundred years all the little fellows are trying to write something just like his productions. A singer is heard with a new tone not hitherto familiar, and forthwith all the studios are filled with frantic

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ciated, is that the ability to be creative is subject to development. Lest the fatalist dismiss this opportunity with his proverbial pessimistic comment that there is no escape from the clutch of limitations of brain function, environment and heredity, it needs to be well understood that the application of the general laws of growth will produce results in this realm as well as elsewhere. A few underlying convictions, well buttressed, may change an otherwise indifferent career into one of ascending power. These possibilities for growth in initiative may be studied and applied as the mathematician wrestles with a problem, the athlete with a muscle, the singer with a tone, the pianist with a scale, the artist with a color, the mother with the character of a child.

1. To become marked and rewarded it is not necessary to have revo-

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lutionary genius. Countless throngs are sitting with empty hands refusing the opportunities that are really theirs because they lack the phenomenal capacity of a Franklin, Fulton, Morse, Edison or Marconi. The average young man must be content with less conspicuous abilities, but only in degree. If a young man in any honorable position will study his task and give fifteen minutes of each day to thinking of how his duty may be performed more efficiently, not twelve months can pass, barring unforeseen calamities, without promotion. No untoward circumstances can for long shut in that kind of a life. The world is so hungry for improvement that his initiative is sure to attract attention and demand more room for expansion.

A few years ago a young man took a position in a large concern where hundreds were employed upon a civil ser-

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vice basis. His was the humblest place of them all. He began at once to plan ways by which he could make his service more advantageous to his employers. He put more thought into the method of his work than into the amount of his wages or the movement of the hands of the clock. The years have gone rapidly and he has passed five hundred and twenty in line of promotion and is the manager of the concern. No ordinary methods of advancement can be applied to that type of man. His contributions were not of a spectacular order, but at each opportunity he invested more of himself and by here a little and there a little the sum of twenty-five years placed him at the top.

2. To live in the habit and power of initiative there must be large faith in the future. A sordid temperament spends itself in grumbling and jealous

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attacks upon those who have succeeded and finally exhausts the last weak energy in the consolation that all the real prizes have been drawn, and answers every voice that would call upward with a faint "there is nothing beyond." The sluggards of every generation since Adam's sons began to people the world have been saying the same thing. Weaklings always seek repose in the philosophy that there is no reward left for new endeavor in their day.

The record of heights to be gained by the men of the twentieth century is to be as romantic as those of the fore-fathers of the preceding century. There is no power in use today that has not existed always. Steam, electricity, radium, wireless telegraphy, swift methods of transportation, modern commercial enterprises—the forces that make these possible have been within

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reach through all time, but the world had to wait centuries to produce men with observing ability enough to see them. The limit is not reached and the coming men are those who will dig hard to discover the yet hidden possibilities that will again transform life's activities.

Those who are fortunate enough to be living in the year 2000 A. D. will look back and smile at the amateur merchants, manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, doctors, preachers, Young Men's Christian Association secretaries, college presidents and professors, in the dawn of the twentieth century. Great progress will have been made and they will, like us, study the century and stand awed by the changes so wonderfully wrought. In that view there will be names seen in every avenue that will stand as synonyms of the upward move and every such name will be that of a

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man who possessed and cultivated to the highest degree his power to initiate something. The future is not bereft of matchless opportunities. Greatness did not die with the last generation. The romantic stories are not all written. Every young man who answers his generation's call for men must believe in *tomorrow*.

8. The courage to experiment and meet defeat nine times for the sake of success in the tenth attempt is the prime requisite for the growth of initiative. I am aware that every cautious mother and every doting father will tremble at the mere mention of the recognition of a place for daring as a part of the program of life for their son. For have they not exhausted untold nerve energy in cautioning him in exactly the opposite fashion?

Don't climb any trees.

Don't walk any railings.

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Don't play any rough games.
Don't go in swimming.
Don't run too fast.
Don't rock the boat.

These and a thousand other cautions are commonplaces of child-training. But, notwithstanding the parental admonition, the boy who later will be a leader of something will climb a tree, walk a high railing, play a rough game, go in swimming, run races, and even *rock the boat*. For therein lies the earliest index of the daring spirit which must make the man of creative genius.

Darius Green was laughed at and even called an idiot by his contemporaries, but a fuller history will remember him as the prophet of aviation. He failed to fly but he believed it ought to be done and could be done and he had the nerve to try. "Nothing ventured nothing gained." "Faint heart never won fair lady." In these well-worn

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proverbs there may be found the germ that produces unheard-of results, and that here and there picks an obscure man and lifts him to pinnacles of opportunity and usefulness.

It is not well to close the consideration of so inexorable a rule without the qualifying portion which is necessary to make it binding. There are some places and things in life where imitation is the highest tribute of character. To select some of the grand souls and emulate their habits is as essential as good manners. An old man tells of fourscore years of prayer, reading the Bible, and worship of Almighty God. If originality is to be applied here, let it be expended in controlling the will to imitate that example. If some biography describes a man who during a long life of testing never bowed to the low or vulgar, and even at the cost of self-effacement went to the end un-

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sullied, imitation of him is grand. The finest interpretation of the worth of Isaac is found in his attitude when he returned to the land of Canaan and saw the old wells crumbling. He said, "Let us dig these wells and call them by the names that Abraham gave them." These may be called exceptions, yet, when rightly contemplated, they rather become the finest type of the ablest originality.

However, with a universe filled with unoccupied places waiting for development and, on the other hand, thronged with men longing for a fuller life, let me close this chapter by saying, Do not waste time looking for the stars or distant scenes in the hope that some meteoric greatness will, by the magician's wand, be directed your way. Rather begin a new study of the things you are now called to do and see wherein some improvement may be introduced, some

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economy practiced, some enlargement made, and the upward trend is inevitable.

CHAPTER VII

PERSEVERANCE—CONTINUITY

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

It is not easy to give an adequate idea of this third principle by the use of a single word. If I were to define it in the crowd of young men I meet in the average walk of life, I would say, "The capacity to stick when things are coming mighty hard." Other items in the varied composition which go to make up a strong character may be more obvious and attract more speedy attention, but I doubt if any will be more far-reaching in spelling success when a life is viewed at its sunset, rather than at "Commencement Day," when the prophetic view is being taken. At the opening, personality may be marked one hundred per cent, physical strength ninety-five per cent, intellectual qualities ninety-five per cent, moral

standards ninety-five per cent, and enthusiasm one hundred per cent, but that amount of downright, dogged grit which will be so necessary in the crises is an unknown quantity and must await the forum of action and the day of testing. However, if these first-named be all marked high and the latter be found wanting, there is defeat ahead as sure as the law of cause and effect still holds good; for the "cause" in a hundred incidents will be this staying power amid overwhelming obstacles.

It is here necessary to observe that every force in the new modern civilization is an enemy to this principle. The progress of communication by electricity brings the news of the world to every man's eye at each breakfast table. A sudden burst of gold in Australia, and the whole world is reading the romance the next morning. The discovery of acres of diamonds is made

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in South Africa, and in less than a week every hotel lobby and boarding house sitting room is filled with the enchanting tale of fortunes made in a night. The marvels of a new West are flung upon the screen by a clever promoter, and every tongue is telling the story the next day.

By the side of this world communication in the fraction of a minute, there also appears almost instantaneously the even greater miracle of lightning methods of travel—steamships that run thirty miles an hour, railway trains that go everywhere a mile a minute, the flying machine being groomed to make yet greater haste, and the red devil automobile to connect all of them, both in regions above and below. Therefore, it comes to pass that the dreams of the distant easy gain do not seem at all impossible of reach, for around the whole globe in eighty days is mere

plodding to the twentieth century young man, and he thinks he can reach the new fields in time to be a winner. Instantaneous communication and almost instantaneous travel, added to the fact that if any man is trying to do his best he is feeling the weight of his present situation, make the distant fields seem not only greenest and most quickly available, but kindle a well-nigh unquenchable unrest in the present generation.

It is a common platitude to say of this and the other that it was never so before; but it is absolutely certain that human life was never so transitory as now. Men will change nationality, vocation, and religion for less cause than at any period of which we have accurate information. The writer has traveled largely for two decades, and one of the facts most vividly recalled is the desire upon the part of nearly

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everybody to be somewhere else. In the West, young men are inquiring for the possibilities of getting positions in the East, and in the East, it seems as though almost every man is longing for the broader fields and opportunities of the West. In the South, the cry is for the privilege of life and business in the North where the blizzards blow and men have to hustle or freeze, and in any February in lands north of the fortieth degree of latitude men are longing for the right to live South and to bask under the perfume of the magnolia trees. The young man upon the continent of Europe or in the British Isles has night and day dreams of Canada, the United States, South Africa or Australia, and many American men who get a little money pine for Hyde Park and Rotten Row or the Riviera coast. There is an unrest in present life which approaches a disease.

Before passing to a further consideration of this tendency and its results, it is needful to sound a note of firm warning lest a mistaken and exaggerated impression be given. There is a sadness about the man who is always changing and never satisfied, but there is a deeper sadness about the man who never changes and is always satisfied. There are souls apparently born tired, who are content in any rut, and who would rather die insipid than be put to the inconvenience of a change of any sort. "Please go 'way and let me sleep" is the easy swing of a passing song, but it may be written over a great number of lives that might have been strong and useful if they had exercised energy enough to refuse to be submerged. There are times when radical change is not only necessary, but the only honorable course.

Abraham had to move three

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knife, there ought to hover perpetually this blessed ideal, telling him, 'Your work is poor—it should be better.' So that every day he should lift himself higher and higher, with an everlasting pursuit of hope which shall end only in perfection when he reaches the land beyond."

Unless standards that are unworthy of an aspiring life are to be yielded to, there must be some form of unrest with the rise of every sun and its going down. No man has the right to stay in any place of life when his highest spiritual, intellectual, moral or commercial ambitions are being stunted. In the hour when any form of service demands a lie, that should be regarded as a valid argument to move on, even though the move is made without any form of secure service ahead.

Some years ago, I remember talking with a young man who tried to justify

a business relation that was unholy and was bringing a blush to his cheek every day, but when advised to leave it immediately and seek for something, even at less compensation, that would let him maintain his honor and religion, he replied by saying, "Well, I have just got to live!" That insipid slush has been made the excuse for many a man's life surrendered to dishonest ways. I do not know of any special law which says that a man has to live if to live is to be a sneak. It is ten thousand times better to starve honorably than to live luxuriously in moral compromise.

In stating so strongly as I hope to state the other side of this thought, it has seemed of great importance clearly to emphasize the place of real dissatisfaction, of genuine discontent, and of a willingness to pull up stakes and start over again, but after all allowance shall have been made for these rare and

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necessary exceptions, it is difficult to believe that the first idea can be too strongly emphasized, for the overpowering trend is the other way in these days, and dangerously too.

I trow there are those who in the afterward of life look back and see a place whence they could have wished that they had moved to another spot or changed to another business; but for every such one, I am persuaded there are a hundred who live out weary days of regret for this and that impulsive move that proved a reverse rather than an advance. I want with true emphasis to stress two thoughts that seem of striking value in this connection.

First, the things that are really worth doing in the world take time. Cheap constructions may be run up in a night, but the towering architecture of all types is the result of abiding perseverance and continuity. Anybody

can pitch a tent in an hour or two, but it takes years to build a real home. A common workman can mold a good many bricks in twelve hours, but it took Michael Angelo years to complete some of his choicest pieces in marble. A traitor may take an oath of fidelity in a moment, but it takes long years to produce a genuine patriot. The curb-stone passer-by may declare in a sentence an unbounding friendship, but many, many varied experiences are necessary to develop a *real friend*. The geologists say that anywhere from four thousand to eight thousand years must have been necessary for the hardening processes that make for the lustre of the finest diamonds, but the fakir can mix and mold a paste counterfeit in thirty minutes, and for a few weeks they look very much alike, but when the day of searching judgment comes, the one dissolves while the other

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gains more beauty the sharper the scrutiny. If a thing is worth doing, don't begrudge time to do it well, and refuse every fable of the get-rich-quick agitator. If it isn't worth doing well, then begrudge every stroke that is invested.

The other thought that naturally becomes a companion here is that the records of the truly great men's lives show that they were in practically every case those who stayed steadily and faithfully by the task for long years. The best farmer has been a farmer of one farm for many years. The best merchant has been in business in one place for decades. The best banker has been in banking in one bank most of his life. The best preacher, in many a town, has ministered to his people for time enough to marry one generation and baptize their children.

A few decades ago a band of young

men, graduates of Andover Seminary, crossed the Mississippi River in a canoe and pushed their way up into the new country of Iowa against the perils of a sparsely inhabited place, surrounded by hostile Indians and more hostile ruffians of the frontier. Each of that famed group, known as the "Yale Band," picked a spot, settled, and began preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Possibly they did more for the weal of that territory than any other one hundred men of that early period. It is a striking testimony to their mettle that their pastorates ran from thirty to fifty years. It hardly need be added that they were superb men, as the duration of service would be ample evidence. Almost any man may stay in a place a few months, or a year, but it takes depth of grandeur to abide intimately with one people for a quarter or half a century. One of the greatest

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of the six, Dr. Ephraim Adams, chose Denmark as his place of doing God's work. He declared a great religion; he married the first generation, baptized their children and at the close of fifty years was busily engaged with testifying to the same gospel in the same town, and marrying the children of the second generation. His influence had permeated every part of the life of the community for miles around. Just after his fiftieth anniversary, he was attending the annual state meeting of his denomination when a gushing young preacher introduced himself and asked, "Where are you located now, my brother?" The old patriarch and warrior of a half century in one place rose to more than his accustomed height and replied, "I am where I *was*—I am no tramp." Volumes can be deduced from this striking answer, which was in reality his autobiography.

Bells will ring, songs will be sung, fascinating tales will be told to lure every man of worth to other scenes of conquest, and aided by distance, they usually can be made to seem vastly superior to present surroundings, but life's annals say that out of every one hundred men, the ten who were strong enough to stay where success "was," achieved, while the ninety roamers were forgotten amid the multitude.

If one is correct in feeling so sharply the weakness of the turbulent unrest of the times and the fact that young men seem so tempted to shift from positions and from places of service to such an unreasonable degree, it may be well to inquire whether there is some underlying reason for it all. No doubt a thousand theories could be developed, but, by close observation, I am clear that about nine tenths of all of it is occasioned by the unwillingness of men

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to go through the trying ordeal of the strain and crises that come in every life, in every business, in every enterprise and in every generation. I doubt if any great business enterprise has been successfully carried out in the history of the world but that, if close inquiry were made, it would be learned that there was a time when it looked as though the whole were lost, and had the manager been one of a faint heart, ready to quit in the strain, it would have been lost; but in that hour, his ability to stick when things were coming hard proved the salvation of the whole.

A study of the great battles in which generals have won illustrious fame also reveals the fact that in every case there came an hour when defeat was apparently written over the whole cause.

One illustration of this principle is told in simple, yet thrilling words by

Lord Roberts in his history of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. For weeks the British had besieged and fought to take Lucknow, for this was the seat of the power of the mutineers. Heat, drought, fever and plague were allies of the Indian forces, until the nerve of the British officers and men was well-nigh exhausted. A council was held one night after repeated attacks had been made, each one being repulsed with terrible losses. The verdict was to withdraw and give up the attempt. Lord Roberts, then a young lieutenant, carried the word to the great General Nicholson, who lay in a hospital tent with a severe wound and a burning fever. He lifted himself from his couch and said, "I have strength enough to shoot the general who issues such an order." That message was carried through the lines. His grit was contagious, the siege was prolonged.

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the attack renewed, and the victory won. Who can measure what a sad change in history would have been recorded had that one soldier *quit* in that crisis? The cause of God and humanity throughout the world would have been retarded by generations and a nation of 300,000,000 souls turned back into the wilderness of dark.

Practically every graduate of a college or university can go back to the period in his course when he sat down and wept, believing he was an utter failure as a student. I knew intimately one whose first two years bore the marks of defeat. At the close of his sophomore year, few if any would prophesy aught except defeat for him. "He is fooling away his time," "It isn't in him," were common estimates. He had, however, an unreckoned resource with which his critics were not familiar, viz., *sticking capacity*; and I saw him

mount the platform in honor at the close of the fourth year and receive his diploma. His experience of seeming defeat is common among university men, and when that hour comes, the restless character, the weary spirit, the faltering soul "flunks"—goes down and out, while the man with sand in his makeup grits his teeth and determines to win, and win he does. There is a terse saying now used by so many that its genesis is obscure, *God Almighty hates a quitter*. It sounds a little sharp upon first hearing and possibly a little lacking in reverence, but a study of events like these softens the first impression and makes it a worthy classic.

The achievements of life are not all in the past. There are yet great souls to live, great victories to be won, mighty records to be made, but this field is open only to that class of men who believe thoroughly that the darkest

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hope, victory and order? I am thoroughly aware of the fact that there are a dozen philosophies being promoted everywhere, from the university hall to the curbstone, in answer to this fundamental question, but in full recognition of them all, if there is to be any climax to the suggestions of this volume, let it be at this point in a direct, unhesitating, unqualified statement of what I believe is the only final answer to our question. Who are to be the victors?

The men who are big enough to stand square upon both feet, without a blush upon their cheeks, and talk about their religion.

I know perfectly well that this will seem a weak declaration to a certain type of men who are either too poorly informed to grasp the significance of this appeal or have become so sordid that indifference has atrophied the finer sensibilities. But from the jury

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of those whose minds and hearts are still open to weigh the evidence, there is no shadow of doubt that this will be the verdict. Sooner or later, somewhere, some time, religion becomes the very sum total of life, and all its issues inhere in the attitude that has been established and maintained toward God.

I have at times in other pages paused to meditate upon whether certain points might not be overemphasized,—but in this present exhortation there is no such hesitation. Rather there is a feeling of the impotence of human vocabulary to interpret properly the convictions I hold touching the place of religion as the very essence of the kind of man I would portray. I have listened to great speakers, teachers and expositors and have read great writers, but I have yet to come in contact with any man that I thought could tell one half of the majesty of religion as the

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primary, indispensable, fundamental, all-inclusive factor in every man's life. Partial success, temporary achievements may be possible without taking any account of this profound ideal, but at best such an attitude only yields the scum of life's possibilities and leaves the vaster, sweeter depths undiscovered and latent.

If so strong a position is to be sustained it can only be by an unmistakable understanding of the standards sought to be established. If those superficial successes which for the moment are so alluring are to be regarded as an answer to the real ambitions that ought to prompt genuinely great men, this argument breaks down, but it will never fail if applied to the man who is seeking to know what life means in a larger sense than just to satisfy the passing demands of a day, a year, or even a generation.

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There has been no apology and there is to be none for exalting and inspiring honorable ambitions to win success in whatever vocation a man may be led to follow. That desire is normal, natural, God-implanted, and ought to be welcomed and not condemned. The man who does not aspire to be great in his sphere is unworthy to bear the image of his Creator. When one stands at full day amid the glory of the hills, mountains, rocks, forests, lakes and rivers, and views them till the sunset glow is turned into the gloom of evening and dark of the night, when under a cloudless sky the unnumbered stars have shone out in their beauty to make the night even more splendid than the day, and then when one has been reminded that "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork," he is forcibly drawn to the conclusion that God

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was *ambitious* to be a great Creator. To imitate Him is to strive to win, but the greatness thus sought must submit itself to divine definitions rather than ones suggested by human greed, passion and prejudice. The greatness magnified here is to be tested in the crucible of the Sermon on the Mount:

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

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Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Or greatness may be tested by the epitaph Luke placed upon the memory of one of history's mightiest souls when he wrote of him, "And David, when he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep"; or by David's own testimony as to what success meant to him, given in one of his songs of adoration:

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

If this view is to be accepted as the goal, then religion is not to be catalogued as one of life's pleasant ad-

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juncts, to be indulged in by a few selected folks of a peculiar temperament, for sentimentality, but it becomes the very root of the whole issue.

I find it also necessary to make perfectly clear what is meant by the use of the word religion. There are those who hold the truths of the faith I profess who would refrain from using the word religion at all except in reference to other forms of belief. My own anticipations of the Christian era are so great that I see a day coming when there will be no confusion in the use of the simple word *Religion*. Every man will know it is that one which Jesus Christ brought into the world.

This would not be the place, even if the writer had the ability, to discuss in detail the technical question which may be raised by this definition of what is meant by the word religion. I simply ask that wherever the term "Religion"

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is found in these pages it shall always be regarded as meaning the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of men, who came into the world not simply to paint a little higher ideal than the prophets who had preceded Him, but came that by the Holy Spirit He might impart of His own divine life to the individual soul, working in it that which the gospel speaks of as "Salvation." I do not have large sympathy with the process of comparison which finally gives Christianity a small margin of pre-eminence over a thousand other so-called religions, and the purpose of this volume will have failed utterly in its attempt to magnify the religious element except it be by this platform:

Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved,

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And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write: These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God.

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot.

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

Many an individual has lost his life and soul in the same deception. The religion contended for is that of a Christian philosophy, applied first to the individual and then, by force of the compelling power within, directed to a life of service for humanity. This view does not imply antagonism or strife, for a thousand times better the prayer of the Hebrew to his Jehovah, the Mohammedan to his Allah, the Buddhist to his image of Buddha, the Hindu to his idol than no prayer at all.

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The world has been and is filled with religion in so many forms that even yet some of them must go unnamed, for the genius of man is not equal to the task of differentiating all of them by title, but in this scene the Christian result stands out in such excellence that an honest investigation of the nations of the earth leads to only one conclusion, viz., the Christian religion is the very manifest presence of God, for it does the needed work.

In all that follows, two points of more than ordinary emphasis must be borne in mind:

First: The success of greatness to be sought is that of the Bible standard.

Second: The religion referred to is always that one of which Jesus Christ is the living power.

With these firmly fixed as a foundation, two paths lie within reach of every young man. One leads through a use-

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ful career. It may not promise vast wealth or fame, but usefulness and happiness are certain. One is directed toward inevitable defeat. It may not of necessity mean poverty or debauchery, but in the highest, truest sense, defeat and loss are certain. More than all else besides, religion is the power of the one and absence of it is the weakness of the other.

In surely ninety-nine cases out of each hundred, as goes a man in early years in his relation to God, Jesus Christ, the Bible and the Church, so goes that man in every other way. His rise and fall can be measured in terms of religion. Therefore I do not find it possible to overestimate the place that religion ought to have in the life of every man who would aspire to answer this unique call that the world is sending out today, in larger measure perhaps than ever before, for men of worth

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and value to enter into the unoccupied opportunities and enrich the world while they live, and at the same time to make the life one of joy and completion.

Some fuller reasons will follow, but for the present I simply wish to state the general basis upon which the claim of certain success is vouchsafed to every man who meets the conditions.

CHAPTER IX

RELIGION (Continued)

The Dynamic of Morals

In seeking for bed-rock causes which make for defeat in the lives of men, broken moral ideals tell most of the story. Men are charging the time in which they live as being to blame for their woes. Out of a quarter of a century of experience in dealing with all types and conditions of men I have never met one who had been overcome with reverses but that he had a large assortment of excuses or reasons for his condition, and always the overwhelming fault attached to the circumstances of either birth or environment. Somebody other than himself was to blame and these grievances can be so sympathetically and graphically portrayed that only the test of years can withstand the appeal.

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I have tried in other pages to give clear evidence of an open mind toward the perplexing scenes through which struggling men are compelled to pass. I would not willfully do an injustice to one of them, but I am jealous of the opportunity of being of real service to the host of those whose destiny is yet to be determined and in the interest of that larger number I would make an appeal for the elimination of the sentimentality which paints lurid pictures of woe and distress, leaving the insinuation, at least, that society, the Church, the corporations and the rich are guilty of it all. These have sins enough, both of omission and commission; of that the whole world is convinced. But I submit there is no kindness done to anybody by a sort of veneered investigation that fails to find the tap root of the trouble.

A world without kindness, pity,

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ready referred, at the last place of our investigation, where I saw the line of men standing, more than a hundred of them able-bodied, while a preacher preached to the crowd and sent them one by one to a charity bed, I selected one of the best looking of the whole line and after assuring him that no matter what he said I was going to pay for his bed, I questioned him. I asked first if he was able-bodied, and he assured me that he was. I asked his age, and was told that he was twenty-eight. I then inquired as to why he was standing in that line. He at first charged the catastrophe to his father and mother, said they had mistreated him in early life and he had been compelled to become an outcast. He then went on to say that after drifting from ocean to ocean he found no show whatever in life for a man of his capacities. The smell of whiskey on his breath was

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very strong. I asked him if his mother and father drank whiskey and he assured me they did not. Then I pressed him to know whether the real root of most of his difficulty was not whiskey. He frankly confessed that this was his enemy. Then, free of restraint, he rapidly told the story.

He left his home because he had fallen into the vicious clutch of whiskey in early boyhood, and from pillar to post he had been driven. For six years he had never been able to hold a position longer than three months, and each position had a little less of promise and less of compensation than the preceding one.

It would be difficult to tell for how many of all the throng that were down and out in New York City that very night this man would stand as a type, but the lowest estimate would make him represent the larger majority.

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On a New Year's eve, not long ago, I talked until past midnight with a young man in Brooklyn, urging that his future welfare was in peril by reason of a low standard of morals. I do not recall in recent years having urged upon one man more insistently the danger which I felt certain he was approaching. He was absolutely unmovable and that night forever cast the die as to what kind of a man he would be. Two years passed and the daily papers recorded the shocking event that a man had walked the streets of Greater New York seeking for employment, day after day, week after week, until in desperation he returned to his home, locked the door which shut him in with his wife and two children, turned on the gas and sent them all to death with himself, a suicide. The whole city was shocked by that story. The picture painted was one of the

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horror of the life of the unemployed man. But the real foundation of it was this, he chose to let his morals collapse and that collapse lost him one position after another until he had no standing anywhere, and violence to both himself and his family was his remedy.

This is a striking case and in some respects may be thought to be extreme, but there are tens of thousands of others taking the same road who some day will join the ranks of the carping critics that rail against the state, society and the Church.

There is a vast deal of poverty in the world. North America has less perhaps than older nations, but certainly she has her share of it. If there were a scientist living, however, who had sufficient ability to give us a picture of how much of it can be traced to the bar room, the gambling place and other evil resorts, we should know better than

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young man and read the story of his delayed promotion in his uncertain morals.

Here again, I am fully persuaded, you could find the real difficulty in the lives of a million young men in North America. This folly also is a type of many. If the wastes that go on by reason of these evils could be stopped, and these resources could be turned into legitimate channels, the world would blossom like a new place. Sorrow, sickness, poverty and want would very largely disappear.

Any theory which reckons with the problems of human need and fails to estimate properly the significance of the individual moral question is a poor effort and is destined to pass away without having made much permanent impression. Young men in vast numbers are failing to realize the hopes of earlier years, not because they are lack-

ing in ability, energy, personality or mental equipment, but by reason of a dearth of moral energy that gives them stability in hours of temptation. Every honorable door of opportunity in the world is less open the moment a doubt has been raised concerning the moral habits of any applicant, and they all swing wide ajar to that man who brings a clean bill of moral health.

A long step in advance has been taken when a controlling conviction has been established concerning the place of good morals as a foundation for successful life. I am, however, convinced that to a certain degree this first principle is pretty well accepted. There may be those who will feel inclined to doubt the extent of this influence, but the main fact is hardly questioned. There is also a widespread desire for that kind of a life which will measure up to society's de-

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3. The human will as not sufficient to attain the ideal.

What then is to be said of the future? Are men to be left at the mercy of uncontrollable passions, not knowing how far they are to drift and how deep may be their degradation? A whole school of teachers will say that we are helpless except for such restraint as we may be able to command, or except for the help of principles taught in early childhood; that aside from these, men are subject to the tendencies of their natures and therefore are not to be held accountable for their acts. "Brain storms," "kleptomania," "bad companions," "heredity," have been made to cover a multitude of sins in this realm.

To accept this fatalistic view of the moral life, it becomes necessary to obliterate the living presence of the God of creation, for surely a God who would create a world and fail to make

provision for moral energy enough to save the race from destruction would be a God of folly and confusion rather than of wisdom and justice.

You may go out and view the beauties of nature without the peril of exhausting the supply, for God made so much beauty in the world that it never diminishes. You may breathe deeply, with no feeling of impoverishing the reservoir of ozone. God provided so much air that the whole human race, taking breath at the same time, does not affect the amount in existence. In like measure provision seems to have been made for every legitimate need of the whole human family. Surely it is difficult to understand how such a colossal blunder could have been made as inadequately to provide for moral power. If this should be accepted, then the whole theory of God must be destroyed, root and branch. While men

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are debating this, God has introduced a final and conclusive answer in His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, who came into this world to live thirty-three years, tempted in all points as others, yet without sin, then shedding His blood upon the Cross that men might be saved from the power of evil. It is not my purpose to discuss at length the various views the world has had, and now has, of Christ, but to point to the eternal fact that He and He alone has imparted a power over the moral life stronger than the bands of evil. I am not unmindful of the fact that many men who profess to be followers of the Christian faith are not what they ought to be. There are serious flaws in the throng that are called Christians. Of this there is no room for doubt. But only shallow and poorly informed people make those the foundation of an estimate of Jesus Christ. The contrast

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between nations that are Christian and those of other forms of belief gives real testimony to the supernatural power of the one and to the poor attempt of the other to meet the need of the human race.

No other religion in the history of man has ever transformed a Jerry McAuley or a Harry Monroe; and what Jesus Christ has wrought in their experiences He is reproducing hourly in many others, and He will do so yet more.

The conclusion is this—the Christian religion is God's abundant answer that He did not forget the moral needs of the race He created in His own likeness; and the man who would find security in this most sacred part of his existence will only realize that hope in a vital, personal acceptance of Christ to be his Saviour and his Lord.

Harold Begbie, in those two won-

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derful books, "Twice Born Men" and "Souls in Action," has given to the world from the viewpoint, not of an evangelist or special exponent of any peculiar type of religious doctrine, but rather from the angle of the scientist, this convincing story of the transformation possible by the power of Jesus Christ. If I could I would persuade every young man in the world to read these two books.

But we are not shut up to a few cases carefully wrought out for the purpose of re-emphasizing the power of the religion of Jesus Christ to change the natural tendencies of men when swept by temptation too severe for human will to cope with alone.

For twelve years I have myself been dealing with this vital individual question with young men and have had the unspeakable joy of living in the zone of superhuman experiences. One

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marked illustration may be typical of thousands of others; this one, however, has elements of more than passing interest and is given in the hope of strengthening the belief in a religious power within reach of every man, which does not leave him a helpless soul to be driven and whipped by ungovernable passions.

As an illustration of the truth I have sought to impress in this chapter, I cite a statement written by a railroad man by the name of Loughead. I do not know that it is especially unique, for I am fully persuaded that the Christian faith is producing this result over and over again, and I have no shadow of doubt that this result can be attained in the life of any man who is willing to pay the price.

On the twelfth day of October, 1900, if you could have visited a poor, disconsolate home in West Philadelphia you

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would have found a subject for one of the saddest pictures ever written in human life. A faithful, consecrated, loving woman living a life of complete service to a worthless, good-for-nothing, drunken husband. Hope, money and everything that might be counted dear, gone. The earlier history would have told the story of a young man growing up in an almost ideal Christian home. At eighteen, restless under what seemed an unnecessary restraint, he launched out into life for himself, securing a position in railroad service and, together with other men in the same vocation, found a boarding place in a sort of combination hotel and saloon. The natural law worked, of course, and not many weeks had passed before he was joining others in the occasional drink. At first it was a task for him to drink whiskey. The taste of it and the thoughts of it were both nauseating

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and repulsive, but it was not long before he was out of this zone into the one that cried out for the stimulant. Added to this there came also the card table with gambling and its consequent results. He had started with the highest sense of honor and integrity, thoroughly schooled in the virtues of sobriety; but swept by the tide of sin and temptation all of these quickly changed and he found himself each month living upon a little lower stratum. During these years, however, he had married and for some time lived in the hope that this new relation of life which promised him a home and its comfort would relieve him from the grip of habits that had been unconsciously formed; but this impulse was only temporary, for soon he found himself back in the old rut and in sins even more vicious. On October 7 he received his pay from the railroad company for a month's service and

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immediately asked for some time off for the deliberate purpose of a thorough drunk. He went out for a period of unrestrained debauch and on the ninth of October awoke a perfect wreck, money gone, watch pawned, and with only two paths ahead of him—one to finish all by the suicide route, the other to go on a drunken sot to the end. Just at that time there was a convention of delegates, from all the railway Young Men's Christian Associations of North America, being held in Philadelphia. A notice of this attracted his attention and he went into one of the sessions. Guided by an unseen hand, he attended the evangelistic meeting of Sunday afternoon. Under the spell of the presence of fifteen hundred enthusiastic Christian railroad men and through the presentation of the gospel message, half dazed, hardly realizing what was going on, he responded to the

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appeal to give himself to Jesus Christ as his only hope of salvation from a drunkard's life and a drunkard's eternity. He went home from that meeting and, as he has many times told in his own words, spent most of that night in prayer and reading the Bible. The next day he walked out an absolutely new creature. The old grip of rum and all of its accompanying vices had disappeared. Eleven years and more have passed and not once during that time has he ever touched alcoholic liquors of any kind or played a card in a gambling room. The transformation was literally as striking as though he had received from heaven a new existence both in soul, mind and body. All of this perhaps might be accounted for by some scientific law of the will but there is yet to be added this more striking fact. He not only ceased to do evil—and that not by the process of

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east and west, north and south, and the only sure, permanent security for an unflinching moral standard is that found in the power of Jehovah God, exemplified in Jesus Christ the Saviour of men; and, therefore, religion does not become merely a sentimental proposition but forms the central fact in the life of the man who looks everywhere and desires to live for a high and worthy purpose.

CHAPTER X

RELIGION (Continued)

The Dynamic of Life's Best

An Everyday Creed: I Believe in my Job.

It may not be a very important job, but it is *mine!* Furthermore, it is God's job for me. He has a purpose in my life with reference to His plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It isn't a big place to be sure, but for years I have been molded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. In the end, the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the chap whose name has been a

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household word in two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me—true to myself and to God who intrusted me with it.—*Charles Stetzel*.

The preceding chapter has placed large emphasis upon religion as the solution of the moral struggle. This has seemed necessary because of the multitude of subtle devices that are everywhere at work to destroy the grander purposes of men. I pass on farther now to say that religion is not only the dynamic of individual moral power, but that it is also the energizing force which prompts to the highest form of service throughout every realm of life. A mere passive attitude which refrains from gross evil is not enough to satisfy the cravings of the deepest human desires. There is a voice which speaks to warn of possible gross evil expressed in outbreaking immorality.

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Every man does well to heed this voice, but there is another, vastly deeper and more searching, which speaks of that inner desire to know what the mystery of life is, why we are here and what we are to do. Take religion out of the catalogue of elements that move and control, and this second voice becomes one of absolute confusion. To properly understand why we are created, why we are to live awhile and then pass off the scene and be so soon forgotten demands a more than human method of reckoning, and it is here that the religious element becomes most powerful.

Jesus Christ's life and death may have been worth while for the diffusion of the power to restrain men from the grosser forms of habit, but it is rather difficult to account for it upon that basis alone. When, however, there is added that nobler conception of Him

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as the inspirer of the **BEST** in every man's life, then and then only can the tragedy and passion of the Cross be reconciled. To teach men how to live up to the maximum of God's expectation is so gigantic a task and one so devoutly to be desired, that even the price that would dim the joys of heaven for a season does not seem too great for its accomplishment. It is in this realm of the militant, rather than in the one of prohibitions and asceticism, that religion reaches its sublimest height.

To adequately bring this interpretation of the religious life to its fullest place, it is necessary to dispense with the false conception which exists so largely of what the real issue is in becoming a Christian. Any presentation of the gospel based upon the "give up" idea only is a poor statement of God's plan and purposes. Experience leads me to believe that there are inestimable

throng of men who are standing aloof from personal acceptance of and affiliation with the Christian faith because the accent of appeal has been such that in accepting it they have contemplated a long struggle to attempt to dam up all the natural inclinations of life and to move into a sort of freak zone of restraints. A study of the teachings of Christ, with special reference to what He proposed to the candidates who presented themselves to Him, will be sufficient to give a strong basis as to how far this thought is from that which He intended. He met some fishermen. He did not say a word against their vocation or habits but proposed a higher calling, that of being "fishers of men." He found a despised tax collector and quietly called him to "follow," with not a recorded word of the necessity of his "giving up" a whole catalogue of things that were worthy

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of sharp reproach. Human vision is so limited that ordinary men see only the outer manifestations of wicked life and exhaust most of their energy in denouncing them. Jesus looks beyond these and sees the possibilities of men when dominated by His life and spirit. The gospel method is to bind men to the new life by presenting them with opportunities of service so grand that they find the changes in personal conduct and habit a joy. It is to give liberty, expansion and fulfilment rather than to impose restraint and subtraction. There are many subtractions and repents necessary in the life of a man moved by common desires, when the standards of Christ are adopted, but they are insignificant as compared to the additions that are involved in such a decision. The epitome of Jesus' idea of His mission to humanity is best expressed in His own words,

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“I came that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.” This summary is comprehensive enough to embody the whole scope of salvation, for the soul, for a life of service, for eternity.

In the further consideration of this, it seems necessary again to recall the thought, previously expressed, that every man ought in this life to be throbbing with ambition to reach the highest possible goal of usefulness. Some one has said, “The *good* is always the enemy of the *best*.” There is something about the call of God that immediately exposes the question of whether or not we are doing our *best*. If we are willing to move along just doing “fairly well,” religion may not be presented as an indispensable characteristic, for there are those so methodically constituted that they can go through the round of threescore years and ten

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doing reasonably well without any supernatural force being in demand, but I make bold to throw out the challenge that no man, from the first of the race until the last, will ever be able to say he has reached the maximum of his worth in the world apart from the presence and power of religion.

If it were possible to review in detail all of the suggestions hitherto made in every point, the climax of achievement would be reached in the zone of religion. Strong appeal has been made for *work* as a vital factor in life and yet there is an awful grind about work, and the man who simply contemplates life as being so many years, of so many days each, of so many hours per day, of irksome toil, to be poorly compensated, will soon learn that there is no special inspiration derived from that meditation. But when he enters life work, believing that whether the task is great

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or small, he is in life to do God's work, to bring something to pass that otherwise could not be done, and to live it as the highest tribute of his existence, then work becomes glorious, and that which would otherwise seem a burden becomes a joy and privilege. Much of the present unrest and discontent which attaches to work, hours, wages, is because men have placed chief emphasis upon how much per day or month they are to receive, rather than upon getting God's task accomplished in the world. Religion gives a dignity to honorable work of any and every sort.

Some years ago in a western city at the close of a series of special revival meetings, when the whole community had been swept by a tremendous spiritual wave, the closing service was of the nature of a testimony meeting. Wonderful promises were made of things to be done as a result of the new

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impulse different ones had received. Some were giving themselves to the gospel ministry, some to work out the principles of benevolence in the use of money. Some were volunteering to go to non-Christian lands to evangelize the heathen. In the scene, a humble woman arose and with firm voice said in substance, "I have been converted in these meetings and, by God's help, I mean to be the best washerwoman in ____." There were many more picturesque resolutions in that eventful service, but certainly none more impressive and none that gave finer tribute to the power of religion to give hope and peace in all forms of life. I had the privilege of observing that modest, hard-working woman for several years, and she seemed to realize continuously the hope she voiced. I am not sure but that she had been wronged and imposed upon by a worthless husband, and she

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might have spent all her days grumbling at her lot, and with some justification. This is not the point I wish now to argue, but simply to note that whatever may have been the cause of her cramped circumstances and hard struggle, religion came to give her a capacity to accept the conditions and to live her life in honor and usefulness. This is what religion can do for any honorable toiler. It lifts men out of the drudgery of being merely parts of a vast machine and gives them visions of service in the name of God. I do not want this statement or any other to be used to condone the wrongs of society or of individuals that permit unjust tale or wage. I countenance no injustice. God forbid that such an inference should be deduced. If this woman or any woman, man or child is wronged and made to suffer, judgment and condemnation stand unchangeably against the guilty;

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but it is an occasion for gratitude that God's great hope can take the bitterness from the sting of the wronged.

In another chapter special emphasis has been given to perseverance as a determining factor between success and defeat. It is doubtful if any other motive can be so powerful in developing this capacity as the deep convictions which are prompted by the religious emotions. Men are tempted to quit—give up—in the hour of crisis; for to the man who thinks of life as a sort of gambler's game, when the tides ebb, the most natural thing in the world is to believe that the only relief is to *run*. The man big with faith that he is God-directed and that the reverses of life as well as the advances have a purpose, has power to hold his head and stay by till the temporary storm has passed. No clearer evidence of the value of the religious view of life is to be seen than

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that of the contrast in the attitude and conduct of the religious and the non-religious man in some great panic. If the first has a genuine reality, he stands calmly; the second is usually wild with fear.

In another chapter *initiative* has been given a commanding place as being the differentiating element between the two great classes of men, one of which seems to succeed so splendidly and the other to fail so desperately. If first causes could be known in this field, the place of religion would be astonishing as being the illuminating power of the man who sees deeper into the science of his day than do others. When we look out upon the scenes that history has reported and those that are being enacted in the present and then faintly try to prophesy, to eliminate God is to stunt and atrophy every faculty that would attempt to move into new realms.

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Reverse the attitude toward God and religion, move the same panorama, and the effect is to quicken the senses and lead every man of us to say, "Who knows but that I may be the next to whom God will reveal some new fact?" Faith in God as the ruler of the universe is the most potent factor in bringing out the largest capacity of initiative, for that view of the world does not admit of limitation upon any phase of progress.

The application of this principle is so common in each of the elements which have been discussed as being vital to the victorious life, that more lengthy explanation is not necessary. Deeper and deeper study will place religion in the heart of the vexed problems of how to live for something worth while.

Religion brings the soul into intimate relations with the Father, God, whose

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every act is perfect. The theological view is not alone in suggesting that this attitude will produce the best in a man. The most modern psychology adds its testimony to the fact. The man who daily meditates upon God is living under a daily stimulus to reach his highest ideal. Littleness, meanness and smallness of every order are seen to be incompatible with such a purpose. The upward pull helps to slough them off and bids the man to be his best. This truth is not left in the abstract to be contended for as a visionary dream. It has been attested by many well-recorded experiences.

It is of intense significance to observe what has been the effect through the two thousand years of the Christian era upon every life that has been willingly yielded to the sway of Jesus Christ. Back in the early days He met those humble fishermen who were of un-

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the future, and to their vision life looks intensely humdrum.

The principle of the navigation of the air is solved, and all that remains is simply the development of the first idea. Messages by electricity through space without the aid of wire would seem to have spoken the last word in the question of world intercommunication. Those who add are simply to work out the first scientific principle. The methods of the commercial world have been so rapidly developed that the present tendency is rather for restraint and curtailment than otherwise. In every walk of life the achievements have been so tremendous that it is not at all strange if many young men, looking into the future, feel as though the possibilities for anything above the ordinary are not very great. Notwithstanding all of this, there is no prophet who would dare outline the future pos-

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sibilities of science. The progress of science has always been in the face of an unknown quantity. It has had to work against a dark setting that seemed impenetrable and to deny its right to proceed. It is still an open field, with no special favor to any man except the one who works and digs hard. But even the most ardent in this group feel that the rosy tints are not so bright for coming years as those men saw who lived a quarter of a century ago. Therefore, the question is everywhere being asked, What is worth while in the next generation and those to follow?

Not limiting at all what other interests may develop, we may affirm that one thing is certain. The next great, heroic task in the world is to be along the line of ushering in a World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ, the Christian religion and the Church. The attention now being directed toward a

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reconsideration and reorganization of the moral, benevolent and philanthropic interests of life is vaster by far than that being attracted by the commercialist, the scientist or the politician. The outline, perhaps, is only dimly drawn, and the picture to be painted is poorly understood by the most active leaders in the scene; nevertheless there can be no mistaking the signs of the times which indicate a moral renaissance which is not to cease until it has encircled the globe. In this new Brotherhood, nothing short of the platform which refuses to recognize any wrong of any description anywhere will be accepted. This may seem like a very trite statement, and perhaps it indicates a standard that ought always to have existed, but a casual look above the horizon will convince any student that from the standpoint of universal relations, the Church has not hitherto pro-

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posed a program of that character. Therefore this becomes of itself a startling issue. The progress of the new purpose may develop issues which are entirely unseen now—ones which perhaps the most active prophet is unable fully to see, but some things are on the horizon enough to indicate that this new advance is not to be without its heroic struggle. If a World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ is to be anything more than a passing sentimental theme, the legalized sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is to be eradicated from society everywhere. It is no longer a North American problem. The continent of Europe and the Orient are answering back, from the moral, the economic and the scientific basis, that this whole traffic is a parasite upon the human family, and that, if our dreams are to be realized, it must be dealt with. Only those who have in some form at-

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tacked this vice can realize how vicious is the underlying element which promotes it. The men who deal in this life-destroying traffic find their conceptions of life so brutalized that law is not binding and life is not held in high regard. They are essentially law-breakers and criminals.

As the forces are marshaled to face this problem, it is not difficult to see that many a man will have to surrender all of his hopes of success in other respects, and that some will yield up life itself before this battle is won. This is a task big enough for the greatest men of any generation.

If this World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ is to be ushered in, every form of graft, intrigue and cunning deceit must be driven from the business world. Enough has already been said of the shame that attaches to the last quarter of a century along this

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line. It is not necessary to renew that discussion, but the new Brotherhood is going to demand a new type of business enterprise. More men will have to be found who will consecrate their lives to the service of Christ in the commercial world, not for the sake of storing up millions, but primarily to illustrate the possibility of high, pure Christian standards even in a competitive world. It does not take any very remarkable qualities to send a man into some business pursuit with the promise of large financial gains for himself, but this new platform will demand men with the calibre that sent Carey and Judson to the heart of the heathen world. Here once more is a task big enough for great men.

If the World Brotherhood in the name of Jesus Christ is anything more than a phrase which sounds well in the orator's speech or the literary man's

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essay, the “white slave” traffic with all of its ramifications must be banished. The question involved is not simply whether it shall be driven from one section of a city to another, or from one town to another. It is not a question by what method the procedure shall be carried forward. It involves the purification of the human race from this defilement. This is a consummation so devoutly desired by many that it would seem not a difficult thing to achieve; but those who have had slight experience are willing to testify that here also there is developed the passion which is ready to destroy life if the vice is to be seriously interfered with. The “white slave” evil will not be conquered and defeated without the cost of martyrs’ blood.

To launch a warfare against any of these except in the power of religion, would be as useless as to attempt to

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cross one of the oceans in a vessel with no motive power. No man will long stay in any one of these struggles except he be a God-called and God-im-pelled man. A hundred other issues may be revealed in the next quarter of a century, but these are enough to suggest that the moral world presents issues worthy of mighty leadership. The man who is going to write his name high in the annals of coming events is not the man who will acquire more millions than any other, or the one who may by some lucky turn find himself temporarily on a pinnacle of fame, or the man who looks forward to the possibility of war and a war hero's opportunity. Taken at their best, these fields are well occupied. But the world will yet see a generation of men consecrated to this new idea of God's common Brotherhood, which will, if need be, die for its accomplishment. The heroes of the

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future are to be moral warriors. The man who lets religion dominate his life puts himself in the zone where men see the highest and the best. The constant pressure of God's demand upon the true man's obedient spirit will produce the maximum of achievement.

CHAPTER XI

RELIGION (Concluded)

The Dynamic of Two Worlds

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day: and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved his appearing.—*Paul the Apostle.*

And when a man has gone down into the Valley of the Shadow, and looked the spectre Death in the face, and said to it, “I am ready,” nothing in this world looks very large to him, as I can assure you.—*W. J. Gaynor.*

Certainly enough has been said in the earlier pages to fully establish the fact that importance ought always to be attached to the present life. It is a

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heaven-ordained institution for a purpose. Surely God was not forgetful of the final issues of the universe when His own likeness was incarnated in human form and put into the world to live for a season this life, with such limitations, soon to decline and decay. If there be no divine significance in life, then God has blundered. Taken as a whole, life is hardly worth living for itself alone. There must be found some issue more compelling than bread, clothes, houses, indulgence and accumulation to reconcile one to it at all. There is small room for the foundation of that theology which makes this life just a bit of God's discipline to be tediously endured while we wait for the coming of the day of delivery, death, to free us for the life of ecstasy in the realm of the golden streets of Paradise. People of melancholy moods and temperament are sorely tempted to twist some text

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of Scripture to make religion cover all their various gloomy theories. It is doubtful if the cause of religion ever suffered from any source more seriously than it suffers from this attempt to belittle what present-day existence means. A man's duty here is not to decry life and to abuse the world, but to subdue and come off triumphant over the tribulations and temptations that beset him. A lazy man may find consolation in being so "spiritual" that he refuses to enter the lists of human struggles and withdraws to some secluded corner to think himself more pious than his contemporaries. But it is a reproach upon the holy orders of religion to make them the excuse for such indifference. Some years ago, when the United States was in throes of a bitter political struggle, a man who boasted of living a religious life of a superior type, boldly announced his refusal to parti-

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cipate or vote because he said his citizenship was in heaven and he would not participate in any *worldly* contest. A moral issue was at stake, the loss of which would have occasioned great suffering to millions of people. To withdraw from participation in such an hour under the guise of religion was a travesty upon God and an insult to the brave men who dared to put themselves in the thick of the fight for the sake of God and humanity. It is the mark of a coward to refuse to face life squarely and to take his part in the battle.

This type of extreme teaching can never be justified in the name of Jesus Christ. He oftentimes took His disciples apart for a season of prayer, counsel and meditation, but only to thrust them back more intensely than ever into the common walks of the world's work; and it is a pity that ever so majestic a truth as that given to the world by Him could

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be so contorted as to be made even to seem to teach the opposite idea. The ascetic view is not only anti-Christian, but clearly anti-natural as well. The man who boasts loudest of longing to be delivered from this poor, wicked old world usually sends the fastest messengers for the physician when he is taken with typhoid fever. We may with sincerity sing of "the land that is fairer than day," but the Scriptural, the natural, the normal condition is to wish to postpone going thither as long as possible, and in the waiting seek to succeed in this land where by the providence of God we are placed for a while.

Possibly the saddest result of this misunderstanding of God's plan is not the tendency to undervalue the power of bravery and right living now, but the fact that it has helped to introduce that other parody on preaching, viz., sentimental dwelling on death-bed and

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eleventh-hour repenties. If there is no purpose in *life*, there follows naturally the philosophy that a profession of religion at any hour, while breath remains in the body, is all that is necessary. The preacher whose thinking and teaching will give room for such an interpretation of religion can do more harm to a community than a dozen saloons. The true conception of religion is that every day is sublime in privilege and that judgment follows every day's record. Either this view must be accepted, or the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel, the sixth chapter of Galatians and the first chapter of James must be eliminated from the Bible.

Extremes are always twins, and since we have thus dealt with the one, which under-accents the present life, it becomes necessary to view the other, which under-accents the future life. Weak has

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been the presentation of the call of religion as a message of blessings in futurities only, but even weaker is the one which disregards the future entirely and says that our only duty is to live for the present. This latter type says: "Be gone with your story of heaven and hereafter. It does not make any difference about the world to come. All we have to do is to live right now." And this doctrine is as superficial as the other.

One of the most superb impressions gained in a constant study of the teachings of Christ is that of the calm poise which marked Him in the midst of every clamor that sought to sweep Him into some of the schools of theological wrangling which filled the air in his day. It can only be accounted for by His divinity. A typical illustration is found in that incident when the keen lawyer tried to trap Him by a demand

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that He should name the greatest commandment.

But the Pharisees, when they heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, gathered themselves together. And one of them, a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? And he said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Here was a statement that religion was to begin with an attitude toward God, but also that it involved immediately a responsibility toward men; and the two ideas were so marvelously blended that they were not pitted against each other for supremacy. They were made the sum and conclusion of the religion of

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the old dispensation as well as of the new. Therefore it is well for the men I am addressing to be refreshed in the truth that religion is the dynamic of two worlds, that which now is and that which is to come.

If either one of these views may be so overemphasized that the other is in danger of being submerged, the present-life theory is the one. The schools, the colleges, the newspapers and the magazines are alive with admonitions to young men to "succeed." Not long ago in a university hall, I heard a great teacher plead with a throng of students to climb to the top of present-day activities and some of the illustrations used were of men who had gained success by business operations that ought to make honest men blush. The close of that hour left only one impression—if he was to be accepted as a good authority—and that was that a man

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must "get there" by any sort of methods, no matter who suffered.

The temptation of the twentieth century is to paint too luridly certain forms of success which are not in the realm of the things that will live forever. To over-preach this life only is to put in jeopardy factors than alone can produce continuously great men. The first of these is the peril of indifference to individual salvation. The sociologist with such quickened fervor for the welfare of society has many times yielded to the cheap suggestion that personal salvation is no longer important and that all God expects is for us to look after the interests of society. This view, overpressed, cuts the nerve of the teaching of the Bible and of the conduct of Christ concerning the individual. The Word of God speaks of individual men as "saved" and "lost," and of their destiny in "heaven" and

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“hell.” There may have been unwise teaching of both of these terms and perhaps men have been repelled by it, but to turn aside entirely from this Bible truth is a worse error than the first. Men must still be called to personal profession of faith in God. Jesus Christ exemplified and magnified this fact in that He spent most of His life in leading a few men to accept Him as Saviour and Lord.

It is a sad day for Church and State when any theory of religion is presented which lessens the power of God as applied to the individual in salvation.

Another danger of the overemphasis of the *present life only* theory is that the continuance of that doctrine for long will neutralize the motive power that can produce the sacrificial element without which right living and service are impossible. A few years ago I called on one of the most famous sociol-

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ogists of one of the greatest universities and asked him to deliver an address before a convention upon "The Spiritual Value of the Social Emphasis." He demurred for a time. When I pressed him for the reason of his hesitancy, he said, "The organization with which you are related has, in my judgment, been powerful in the world because it has constantly emphasized individual salvation." Then followed this remarkable statement: "You may as well tie roses on dead bushes and call that raising flowers as to expect permanent service, unless men are vitally related to Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour." The men who unfalteringly feel themselves compelled to live in the realm of unselfish service are the men who are swayed by the dominating truth of a religion which not only emphasizes life here, but which tells of an endless life to come, and which magni-

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fies a sure judgment for the man recreant in either world.

Another danger which follows the too extreme emphasis on the *present life only* theory is that it does not reckon with the hour which comes to every man, sooner or later, when he feels himself losing grip upon this world. The methods by which this experience may come are almost as varied as the number of human lives, but the event is practically fixed. One man, when he has struggled here with certain forms of service, finds he has been defeated in what he hoped to achieve. If life is his only hope, he is confused beyond measure and his defeat is made the argument against other like attempts. On the other hand, the man whose religion carries him beyond the confines of the cradle and the grave is led to believe that in God's big eternity that effort is not lost, but has been related to a uni-

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versal plan and thus it comes that the *hereafter* is vital to his hour of perplexity. Another who has battled earnestly and well in the commercial realm, and perhaps has won his laurels for a season, finds that with a kind of turning of the wheel the tide sets against him and reverse and defeat sometimes mark the closing years. He is left to a poor consolation if he has staked all upon that venture. But if his horizon is as large as two worlds and God is in both, his spirit is not utterly cast down. Another who has served in the political world and has tasted for a season the joys of victory finds that almost in the night the changing sentiment of an uncertain multitude has reversed the decision and he must accept defeat. Bitterness and wrath characterize the man who knows about only one life when such a crisis comes. There is doubtless disappointment to every

such man, but God's man, who has a faith that encompasses the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians and who enters with confidence the Eastertide, does not go into the slough of despondency. Another whose strong physical life has carried him through decades is shocked some day to find that physical life and vigor have failed. The boasted strength of other years has gone and he is called to face the inevitable going the way of all the earth. Those are sad days of waiting if the curtain has never been raised beyond the tomb. Whether the continuing years be few or many, hope diminishes. The whole religious world has been charmed by that story of the great Scotchman, Dr. George Matheson, who, when an oculist informed him on an afternoon that a quickly gathering cataract would leave him totally blind by the following day, went back to the quiet of his study, and

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as he watched the fading of the rays of the sun's light at evening, realizing that it was his last view and that the coming day would bring him only darkness, calmly sat down and wrote the never-to-be-forgotten poem:

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

RELIGION

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

And thus it comes that almost every life, sooner or later, finds that the shut-in time has come. The things that have been contended for with such consuming zeal and enthusiasm either have not been realized or having once been realized have been suddenly torn away. Or the realization has not brought the peace and satisfaction hoped for. The theory of life viewed from this world only causes men familiar with Scripture or theology involuntarily to say, "If in this life only we have hope, we of all men are most miserable." The philosophy that can only talk about one life and one hope can never meet the cry of great humanity. Therefore, it is not weak, it is not sickly, it is not unworthy,

MEN WANTED

that at the threshold of life this matter shall be calmly settled and that men shall make provision to live by those principles that will bring calm, peace and power in defeat, adversity and declining years. After all it is not so much how a man lives or what he achieves while he lives, as it is what kind of an effect this produces upon him when he sees the gathering shadows of the evening of his life and realizes that the sun is going down on his last day and that the lights are fading. If his viewpoint has been that of one life, measured from birth to the grave, with what he could get and enjoy in that time, then the gathering gloom has no radiance behind it. But the truth God has always been imparting, which was made living and real in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, paints a rainbow on the sky in that evening. The man who has lived in that power

RELIGION

turns from the setting sun and looks the other way into eternity and says, "The stars of God's other world are coming out: the night is better than the day." Religion does this. Therefore the superlative strength of every man's life is manifest in the hour when he deliberately sets himself to be a Christian man.

